

SEAN

He's not you!

A beat. Lambeau turns, something catches his eye. Sean turns to look, IT'S WILL. He is standing in the doorway.

WILL

I can come back.

LAMBEAU

No, that's fine, Will. I was just leaving.

There is an awkward moment as Lambeau gets his coat and leaves.

WILL

Well, I'm here.

(beat)

So, is that my problem? I'm afraid of being abandoned? That was easy.

SEAN

Look, a lot of that stuff goes back a long way. And it's between me and him and it has nothing to do with you.

WILL

Do you want to talk about it?

Sean smiles. A beat. Will sees a FILE on Sean's desk.

WILL (cont'd)

What's that?

SEAN

Oh, this is your file. I have to send it back to the Judge with my evaluation.

WILL

You're not going to fail me are you?

Sean smiles.

WILL (cont'd)

So what's it say?

SEAN

You want to read it?

WILL

No.

(beat)

Have you had any experience with that?

SEAN

Twenty years of counselling you see a lot of--

WILL
--No, have you had any experience with
that?

SEAN
Yes.

WILL
(smiles)
It sure ain't good.

INT. WILL'S CHILDHOOD APARTMENT -- FLASHBACK

From a child's P.O.V. we see a man, partially obscured by a
doorframe. The man turns toward the P.O.V.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

SEAN
(after a pause)
My dad used to make us walk down to the
park and collect the sticks he was going
to beat us with. Actually the worst of
the beatings were between me and my
brother. We would practice on each other
trying to find sticks that would break.

WILL
He used to just put a belt, a stick and
a wrench on the kitchen table and say
"choose."

INT. WILL'S CHILDHOOD APARTMENT -- FLASHBACK

A large, calloused hand sets down a wrench next to a stick.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

SEAN
Gotta go with the belt there...

WILL
I used to go with the wrench.

SEAN
The wrench, why?

WILL
Cause fuck him, that's why.

A long quiet moment.

WILL (cont'd)
Is that why me and Skylar broke up?

SEAN
I didn't know you had. Do you want to
talk about that?

(beat)
I don't know a lot, Will. But let me
tell you one thing. All this history,
this shit...

(indicates file)
Look here, son.

Will, who had been looking away, looks at Sean.

SEAN (cont'd)
This is not your fault.

WILL
(nonchalant)
Oh, I know.

SEAN
It's not your fault.

WILL
(smiles)
I know.

SEAN
It's not your fault.

WILL
I know.

SEAN
It's not your fault.

WILL
(dead serious)
I know.

SEAN
It's not your fault.

WILL
Don't fuck with me.

SEAN
(comes around desk, sits in front of Will)
It's not your fault.

WILL
(tears start)
I know.

SEAN

It's not...

WILL

(crying hard)

I know, I know...

Sean takes Will in his arms and holds him like a child. Will sobs like a baby. After a moment, he wraps his arms around Sean and holds him, even tighter. We pull back from this image. Two lonely souls being father and son together.

INT. RED LINE CAR -- DUSK

Will rides the Red Line, above ground. He looks out over the landscape. Small back yards, laundry hangs from wire lines. Chainlink fences, overgrown with weeds.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON PARK -- DAY

Will walking through South Boston. He cuts through a park. A senior citizen is spearing trash for the city.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Will at home. Not reading. Looks up at the ceiling.

EXT. TRI-TECH LABORATORIES -- DAY

Will walks up to a nondescript building, he walks through the glass doors, into the lobby.

CUT TO:

INT. TRI-TECH LABORATORIES, RECEPTION -- CONTINUOUS

Will walks into the lobby. A SECURITY GUARD looks up.

SECURITY GUARD

Can I help you?

WILL

Yeah, my name is Will Hunting. I'm here about a position.

SECURITY GUARD

One moment.

The guard reaches for the phone.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK.

FADE UP to the sound of laughter.